

Ilja's Timeventures: Retold (more jokes!)

Chapter 1: The Machine's Birth

Ilja woke up, blinking the sleep out of his eyes. The first thought that crossed his mind was, “What the fuck should I do today?” But that thought was quickly interrupted by another one—a better, more dangerous idea: *a time machine*. He'd been toying with the thought for a while, especially since his big brother's failed attempt at one. That time machine nearly set the house on fire, and while it didn't end in total destruction, it was enough to make Ilja think twice about following in his brother's footsteps.

But today... Today was different. Today, he had the perfect idea.

Ilja hurried down into the basement. It was filled with all kinds of shittyass junk: old furniture that smells like shit, broken appliances that barely work and will electrocute if touched with ass, and—oh, yes—the remains of his big brother's failed time machine. Parts of it were scattered around the room like some kind of shit-filled fuckyard. Wires, circuits, and a half-melted control panel lay among a pile of fuckin' stupid metallic scraps.

A wicked grin spread across Ilja's face as his eyes landed on a blueprint buried beneath the shitty mess. It was still alive and not torn. The title was clear: **“The Ultimate Time**

Manipulation Device Assembly Blueprint (Latest Version)".

He unfolded it, squinting at the weird violent drawings of what would happen if you fucked up certain steps and chaotic instructions written on it. He read aloud:

The Ultimate Time Manipulation Device Assembly Blueprint (Latest Version)

- Combine parts with innate temporal conductivity (shiny, sparking ones, mainly scraps from another time machine that *fucking exploded on your balls and made your Dada disown you.*). WARNING: ***Electroshock hazard***. Seriously, don't touch this shit unless you want to risk death, ya dumbass.
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- Arrange the circuitry in the sequence of "Past-Present-Future." DO NOT MIX THEM UP. If you do, you might end up reversing human evolution, which could regress you back to when you were the size of a *small salami*. Consider that a warning.
- Charge using a stable energy source. ***Preferably not your small salami***. I can't even believe I have to specify the fuck outta that. (Insert an violent drawing of Ilija's salami in pain, nope, don't.)
- Add your personal flair to ensure compatibility with your unique frequency. For this, use the latest version of the

Time Manipulation Compatibility Device (9.5).

WARNING: Previous versions have led to paradoxes, irreversible hair loss, and your dad disowning you because you accidentally erased your own birth from history.

Ilija chuckled to himself as he thought, *"They weren't kidding."*

After hours of wiring, hammering, and a healthy dose of "fuck you you fucking dick", the time machine was ready. Ilija could feel the excitement bubbling up in him as he glanced at the finished machine—a weirdly shiny, fucked-together contraption. He stood back, inspecting it with a sense of pride.

"Time to test this motherfucker," he muttered under his breath, slapping the test button on the machine.

In an instant, lights flashed, and the ground beneath him rumbled. Ilija's hair stood on end as he gripped the sides of the machine. The next thing he knew, he was standing in a cafeteria—*but not his cafeteria*.

Chapter 2: The Test of Time

He looked around, wide-eyed. The food laid out before him was glorious—like something out of a dream. A burger so juicy it practically glowed, spicy ramen noodles with chicken, and a cold soda (diet edition for that perfect balance of refreshment without the guilt). The sauces—*spicy ranch* and

gravy—were just the cherry on top.

Ilija dug in, taking a big bite of the burger. He swallowed, then sipped the soda, savoring the bubbles. For a moment, everything felt perfect.

"Man," he muttered, "*this* is what school lunch should always be like."

Then, a kid nearby asked, "Hey, can I have some of that lunch? I didn't get one."

Ilija smirked and handed him a bit of his food. "Sure, but you gotta learn how to roast the bullies who try to steal your lunch money. First rule of lunch survival."

But, of course, things didn't go as smoothly as he expected. A commotion broke out when the same kid who had asked for lunch ended up choking out a bully and a teacher—accidentally throwing them onto a chunk of the time machine. The cafeteria started glitching.

The intercom on the machine crackled to life.

"Warning: Time machine hit. Evacuate immediately. You have 10 seconds. Evacuate or be waffle crisp."

Ilija grabbed his lunch and jumped into the machine, barely making it out of the glitching cafeteria in time. He sighed as the cafeteria morphed into a mess of digital noise before

disappearing altogether, and the time monster eating everyone except Ilija.

Chapter 3: Calling the Family

Ilija arrived back in the terrible present, exhausted but satisfied with his test. The machine worked. His family would *love* this.

Without wasting another second, he grabbed his phone and dialed his family.

“Yo, fuckers! Get down here, we’re going on a *time travel adventure*! The machine works!”

Chapter 4: The Ice Age Fuckventure

The next moment, his entire family appeared—Yanko, his big bro, Paya, His Little Bro, Sonja Ant, His Mama, Zlaya, his Dada, and Sladja, his Auntie—all stumbling out of the time machine and into a frozen shitland.

“What is this place?” Dada grumbled, shivering.

“It’s the Ice Age, cuz why not freeze your dick off first?” Ilija said with a grin. “Pretty cool, huh?”

But before anyone could react, a massive **mammoth herd** charged at them, its tusks gleaming in the snow. Ilija’s family screamed and scattered, with Mama grabbing Little Bro and

Big Bro trying to climb a tree.

“Oh, no, no, no,” Ilija said, his eyes scanning the shitscape.
“We’ve gotta go.” He spotted a cliff ahead.

“Follow me!” Ilija shouted, leading the charge as they leapt off the cliff and onto a frozen river below. The mammoths were still behind them, but for now, they were safe.

After some wild scrambling, they found themselves in a cave, where cavemen greeted them with curiosity and confusion. The family spent the next few hours teaching the cavemen how to build a snowman and using modern tools, all while trying to avoid a stampede of mammoths. They ate the mammoths, and slept. The next day, Ilija activated his machine.

Chapter 5: Ancient Greece

The time machine was next set for Ancient Greece, The family stumbled out, blinking in confusion at their new surroundings. They found themselves standing at the foot of a large marble building, a bunch of naked dudes in togas wandering around.

“Welcome to Ancient Greece, where the food’s better than the people, and the philosophy is *deeper* than your mom’s vagina,” Ilija said, giving a thumbs-up.

Big Bro, who had no idea what was going on, mumbled, “Are

we supposed to be naked too? 'Cause these dudes are *way* too comfortable with their dick hanging out."

"Don't look too hard, it's considered rude," Ilija replied. "Although, you're right—who needs pants when you can talk about the meaning of life in a toga with your small dick?"

They wandered further into the bustling marketplace. The smell of freshly baked bread filled the air, and Ilija's stomach growled loudly. **"Guys, we're eatin' well today,"** Ilija said, pointing toward the nearby stall. **"Feta cheese, olives, pita bread, and—oh, my god—lamb chops!"**

As the family dug into their impromptu feast, they noticed a group of people sitting in a circle nearby. They were debating loudly, gesturing dramatically. Ilija squinted and saw the unmistakable toga-wearing figure of **Socrates** in the center, passionately arguing with a bunch of lesser-known philosophers.

"Alright, folks, I know exactly where we are," Ilija said, stuffing his face with pita. But suddenly, his stomach gurgles. "Better take a shit first." So he took a shit. It was huge, but not too huge. Then he flushed the shit down into the loo. Then came back out of the outhouse he shat in and said: "Time to get involved. I'm gonna school these mothersophers."

"Wait, you mean you're gonna... debate with them?" Big Bro asked, almost choking on his lamb chop.

“Of course. What else do you think I’ve been doing in school all this time? I’m practically a philosopher in training.” Ilija’s eyes gleamed with excitement.

Chapter 6: The Philosophical Throwdown

Ilija sauntered over to the philosophers’ circle, calling out, “Hey, Socrates, you wanna hear some real wisdom? Because I’ve got *questions*.”

Socrates looked up from his intense conversation with **Plato** and **Aristotle**. He squinted at Ilija, clearly unimpressed by the teenager’s loud attitude and lack of a toga.

“Who is this one?” Socrates asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Name’s Ilija, and I’m here to shake things up, oldass,” Ilija said with a cocky grin.

“Another barbarian,” Socrates muttered. “Do you understand the concept of questioning everything?”

Ilija shot him a look. “Do *you* understand the concept of getting your own lunch instead of just talking about it all day?”

Socrates raised an eyebrow. “I believe I do, young philosopher. But let me ask you this: What is the meaning of your existence?”

Ilija leaned in dramatically. “Well, Socrates, I was born to rock, eat good food, and time travel, so... what does that say about *your* life?”

A moment of silence hung in the air as everyone processed his answer. Big Bro, not wanting to be left out, jumped in.

“Yeah, what he said! Except the time traveling part, that’s *his* thing,” Big Bro said, looking at Ilija in confusion. “I’m just here for the food.”

Plato, trying to stay professional, cleared his throat and chimed in, “It seems this young man is asking questions of great significance. But can he understand the answer?”

Ilija cracked his knuckles. “Can’t say I give a philosopher’s ass, but let’s find out. Here’s a real question for you: If you’re so smart, why’s it always *you* guys doing all the talking? What about everyone else, huh? Why don’t *they* get a fuckin’ word in? Ever think about that?”

At this point, a massive philosophical debate broke out, with Plato, Socrates, and Aristotle all pointing at each other while gesturing like they were about to invent the world’s first rap battle. Ilija was right in the middle of it, just being an absolute menace.

Chapter 7: The Great Philosopher Fiasco

Things quickly escalated from the “debate” stage to full-on

chaos when Big Bro, in an attempt to *impress* the philosophers, accidentally knocked over a huge jug of wine.

"Shit!" Big Bro shouted, as the jug of wine crashed onto the floor, splashing onto Aristotle's toga. Aristotle jumped up in horror, his face reddening as wine pooled around his feet.

"How dare you!" Aristotle screamed. "This is a priceless artifact, not your goddamn kitchen sink!"

Socrates, ever the calm one, attempted to defuck the situation. "Don't worry, my friend. This is just another opportunity for growth. Let us *learn* from this."

Ilija, seeing a golden opportunity to make the situation even more ridiculous, shouted, "Yeah! We've learned that you shouldn't invite my idiot big brother to a dinner party!"

A loud *boing* echoed across the square as Plato, trying to maintain some dignity, dramatically flung his arms up and shouted, "We're not mere mortals here, we are PHILOSOPHERS!"

"Well, I'm not a philosopher, and I'm not *that* interested in *who's* been getting drunk," Ilija said. "But my mom's probably gonna be mad if I don't make it home before dinner."

And just like that, the family realized the chaos they were causing and decided it was time to leave. As they tried to make their exit, Big Bro accidentally stepped on the toga of a

very angry **Aristotle**, causing the philosopher to trip and fall face-first into a plate of hummus.

"THIS IS A CRIME!" Aristotle shouted, flailing around like a fish out of water. "You, sir, will never be allowed to touch ancient wisdom again!"

Ilija, barely suppressing laughter, waved. "I'll leave that for the *next* guy to handle. Fuck you later, Arisdickhole, maybe you'll learn not to wear your lunch, ya dick."

With that, the family quickly jumped back into the time machine, leaving behind a flustered group of philosophers, wondering just what the hell had just happened.

Chapter 8: Back to Reality... Or Not

As the time machine hummed back into action, Ilija couldn't help but laugh. "Man, that was a mess. But hey, at least we got some funnies out of it."

"Can we just go somewhere *normal* for once?" Big Bro groaned.

"Normal?" Ilija asked, raising an eyebrow. "Where's the fun in that? You know what's next, right?"

"I swear to god, if you say Medieval Japan, I'm *going to lose it*," Big Bro muttered.

Ilija grinned. "Let's save Medieval Japan for later, let's go to renaissance."

Chapter 9: The Renaissance—Art and Chaos

The family stepped outta the time machine into the bustling streets of Florence, Italy, greeted by the splendor of Renaissance Italy. **Ilija**—his hair blowing in and bare feet tapping on the cobblestone streets—stretched dramatically. "You fuckers, this place is a masterpiece. Look at all this fuckin' art! It's like stepping into a painting, but not one of those boring ones."

Big Bro grinned mischievously. "A painting? I'm more interested in *borrowing* one of these. I'm sure Da Vinci wouldn't mind if I took a little sketch home."

Mama immediately shot him a glare. "Nope. You can't just take people's stuff, especially not *Da Vinci's*!" She gestured dramatically toward a large gallery window where some of the artist's sketches could be seen. "Not like *that*. You'd get in serious trouble."

Big Bro smirked, clearly not listening. He snuck off with an exaggerated tiptoe, determined to pull off his *masterpiece of thievery*. As he disappeared inside, the family kept walking, but soon the distant sound of yelling interrupted their stroll.

"Ehi! Che cosa ci fai?" A gallery attendant shouted. **Big Bro (who knew Italian well)** emerged, red-faced, clutching a tiny,

rolled-up parchment.

“Uhh, stavo solo ammirando lo schizzo. Pensavo che potrei... uhm... prendertelo in prestito per un minuto!» he stammered.

“Non ti è permesso ‘prendere in prestito’ nulla!” the attendant snapped. “FUORI, ORA!!!”

Ilija, standing a little too close to the action, couldn’t help but laugh. “Ha! Looks like Big Bro’s got himself into another ‘artistic dilemma’! Bruh!”

Auntie, meanwhile, was living her best life. She strutted through the streets like she was the star of an art show, striking dramatic poses in front of every statue and fountain. “Look, / could be the model for this one!” She pointed at a marble statue of a goddess, arching her back with a dramatic flair.

Dada, who’d been walking along, pretending not to notice the circus around him, grumbled, “Maybe you should *model* yourself away from all these weirdos.”

But Auntie, now fully in the zone, didn’t hear him. She was too busy turning her hands just right, pretending to be sculpted from marble. “Do you see the resemblance?” she asked, eyeing her reflection in a shop window. “I think I’m a natural.”

“Yeah, like a natural fuckin' disastro,” **Ilija** muttered, pushing

past her with a grin. "But, hey, you could be Da Vinci's next big thing."

Mama and Dada paused in front of a street vendor selling something unfamiliar. "What is that?" Mama asked, eyeing the round, flat dish suspiciously. It had a strange, circular shape and smelled... different. "Is it safe to eat?"

Dada narrowed his eyes, the skepticism in his voice strong. "Could be pizza, could be poison. Who knows? Look at it. It's all gooey and weird."

Mama took a hesitant sniff. "I don't know about this. It looks too *alien* to be pizza."

At that exact moment, a local *with a devil-may-care attitude* walked by, casually biting into a slice of the strange dish, oblivious to their concerns. "Ha il sapore di casa," the man said, his eyes twinkling with satisfaction.

"See? *That* guy's got no problem with it," **Ilija** remarked, pointing a finger at the man.

But Mama wasn't convinced. "Hmm... I don't know. It's just not like our pizza back home."

Dada was about to suggest they find something more familiar when **Big Bro** reappeared, looking sheepish. "Okay, okay. I get it, stealing Da Vinci's work was a bad idea, but... *Look!* I got this!" He pulled a tiny, hand-drawn sketch from

his pocket, smudged and half-crumpled. "Totally *not* Da Vinci. I found it in the back alley."

Ilija stared at the scribbled sketch. "Yeah, that's definitely not Da Vinci... more like *Big Bro's* 'artistic expression'." He snickered, glancing at the family.

Auntie, still posing in front of every nearby painting and statue, exclaimed dramatically, "Okay, but let's agree. I'm the *true* inspiration behind all of this. Look at me. Couldn't you just picture me as Da Vinci's *muse*?"

"More like a *pain in the ass*," Ilija quipped, rolling his eyes. "Alright, enough with the posing, Auntie. Let's go—this place is a *headache*."

The family reluctantly turned their attention away from the chaos, ready to make their next move. Ilija tossed a glance back at the crowd, at Big Bro trying to apologize to the gallery attendant, Auntie still striking *one final pose*, and Mama and Dada still discussing the pizza. "Alright, alright," Ilija sighed. "Time to *get out of here* before we cause a fucking catastrophe."

Big Bro slung an arm around Ilija's shoulders as they walked, laughing. "You know, this wasn't as bad as last time. At least I didn't get kicked out for *eating* the art this time."

Ilija snorted. "Eh, next time, just leave the art alone, man. I swear, if you try to *steal* another painting..."

"Alright, alright. I won't," Big Bro said with a wink. "But *you* should try this pizza. It's... a *little* weird, but kinda good."

Ilija rolled his eyes. "Let's go. Enough with this nonsense. I'll eat anything—*except* pizza made by aliens."

Chapter 10: Ancient Egypt—Pyramids and Mummies

Ilija and his family stumbled out into the scorching desert. The air was thick with heat, and the only sound was the distant roar of the wind sweeping across the sand dunes.

"Welcome to Ancient Egypt, cuz why not cook our balls mid-venture?" Ilija said with a dramatic flair, wiping sweat from his forehead. "Home of pyramids, pharaohs, and more sand than any person should ever have to endure."

"Ugh, this place is *way too hot*," Mama groaned, fanning herself with her hand. "I don't care what era we're in, I'm not built for this shit. Where's the AC?"

Ilija shot a grin at his family. "The AC is in your ass. Suck the shitshow, Mama. We're on an fuck*venture*! Besides, this place is legendary."

Big Bro, still trying to act like he was *not* suffering, squinted at the massive pyramids in the distance. "So, are we gonna climb those things or just stare at them? 'Cause if we're

climbing, I need to know—are there snack breaks?”

“You really think there’s a snack break in Ancient Egypt?” Ilija smirked. “Nah, dude. They didn’t have granola bars back then.”

As they trudged across the desert, their feet sinking into the hot sand with each step, they finally reached the base of the Great Pyramid. Ilija gazed up at the colossal structure with awe.

“Well, this is it,” Ilija said, motioning toward the massive stone pyramid. “The Pyramid of Giza. They built this thing 4,500 years ago. Imagine the dedication it took. And now, we get to explore it!”

Everyone gave varying levels of enthusiasm—Big Bro clearly thinking about food and Mama already regretting the decision to wear sandals in this desert hellhole.

“Let’s just go inside. I’m already sweating enough to flood an entire lake,” Little Bro said, tugging on his shirt.

“Good idea, Little Bro,” Ilija said, leading the way to the entrance of the pyramid.

Chapter 11: Traps and Tombs

The moment they stepped inside the pyramid, the temperature dropped dramatically. The coolness of the stone hallway was a welcome relief after the desert heat. But as

Ilija led the family deeper into the pyramid, something felt... offshit.

They walked down a narrow, dimly lit corridor, the walls adorned with strange hieroglyphics. The floor was covered in dust, and the air was thicc with mystery. Ilija, of course, was excited.

"This is where all the treasures are hidden, right?" Ilija said, rubbing his hands together. "Ancient Egypt was full of gold and jewels. We're gonna be rich! Were not really gonna be Greedy tho."

"Yeah, and probably cursed too," Big Bro muttered, eyeing the walls suspiciously. "I'm just saying—last time I went into a pyramid, I ended up stuck in a giant pit full of snakes."

Ilija rolled his eyes. "Come on, we're gonna be fine. It's all about exploring and respecting history!"

Right as he said that, Paya accidentally kicked a loose stone, and suddenly—*CLICK*.

The entire room shifted with an ominous rumble. The walls began to close in, and the floor trembled beneath them.

"Oh shit," Ilija said, eyes wide. "That was definitely not supposed to happen."

"YOU KICKED A STONE?!" Big Bro screamed, his voice rising

with panic. “WE’RE GONNA DIE IN A DUMBASS TRAP.”

Ilija screamed loudly "PAYA, YOU MOTHERFUCKING RETARD! WERE TOAST!" The family rushed to find a way out, but the doors slammed shut, locking them inside the pyramid’s tomb.

Ilija quickly scanned the walls for any clues, but it wasn’t the hieroglyphics that caught his attention—it was the massive stone slab that had shifted in place, blocking the exit.

“Mama, we’re gonna need to get creative. Maybe we should start pushing on that wall or something,” Ilija said, motioning toward the slab.

“Creative?! The only thing I’m creatively thinking right now is how I’m going to get out of here without bursting into flames of sweat,” Mama said, practically melting.

Little Bro, on the other hand, seemed completely unfazed by the whole ordeal. He stepped forward, clearly fascinated by the ancient tomb. “Hey, look at this! I think it’s a mummy! It looks like one of those sarcophagi.”

Ilija turned, not at all surprised that his little brother was still thinking about anything other than escape. There, in the corner of the room, was a dusty, old sarcophagus with a painted face of a long-dead pharaoh. As Little Bro approached, the lid creaked open, revealing a mummy inside.

“Dude, no way. That’s a real-life fuckin’ mummy!” Ilija said.

To his surprise, the mummy didn't seem as dead as he thought. It groaned as it shifted inside the sarcophagus, cracking its neck. The mummy's eyes snapped open, and it sat up—stretching its bandaged arms like someone waking up after a nap.

“OH MY GOD, IT'S ALIVE!” Big Bro screamed, backing away quickly.

“Relax, Big Bro,” Ilija said, unimpressed. “It's just a mummy. I'm sure he's friendly. Right?” He looked at the mummy for confirmation.

To their surprise, the mummy gave them a nod. Its voice was dry and raspy, but it was still alive enough to respond.

“Greetings, travelers. You have triggered the Tomb of Rameses the Chillin'. The traps are meant to keep out thieves, but I can help,” the mummy croaked, offering a surprisingly friendly smile.

“What the hell? You're not gonna kill us or curse us, right?” Big Bro asked nervously.

The mummy shrugged, its bandages rustling. “Nah, I'm cool. Just a little annoyed that no one's come by to talk in centuries. I've been stuck here, guarding this place for eternity. Bored as hell. How about you help me break free from this place, and I'll show you the secret exit?”

Ilija grinned. “Now we’re talking. What do you want us to do?”

Chapter 12: Mummy’s Day Out

The mummy, whose name was apparently **Ramseth**, led them through the tomb’s winding passages. They made their way past more sarcophagi and dusty relics, all while Ramseth casually recounted tales of ancient Egypt—his love for the pharaoh, his vast collection of golden trinkets, and how much he hated being wrapped up in bandages.

“Honestly, I never wanted to be a mummy,” Ramseth confessed, looking more annoyed than anything. “It was part of my job, you know? But they didn’t tell me it would be this *uncomfortable*.”

The family laughed nervously, not exactly sure how to respond. They followed Ramseth through the narrow corridors, avoiding more traps that Ilija occasionally triggered out of sheer bad luck.

Eventually, they arrived at a hidden chamber deep within the pyramid, where Ramseth dramatically pointed to a stone door. “This is it. The secret exit.”

Ilija stepped forward, ready to unlock the next part of their adventure. But as he reached out to touch the door, it suddenly slid open on its own. Behind it was an open-air courtyard, bathed in the light of the setting sun. The family

blinked in surprise.

“We’re free! WERE FUCKING FREE!!!!” Mama shouted, stretching her arms out in joy.

“Thanks, Ramseth,” Ilija said, turning to the mummy. “You’ve been a big help.”

Ramseth grinned, waving them off. “Anytime. Just, uh, don’t kick any more stones.”

As the family made their way back to the time machine, Ilija reflected on their time in Egypt. It had been a wild ride—pyramids, mummies, traps, and a new friend. But now, it was time to head off to the next adventure.

And with that, the family piled into the time machine, ready for whatever came next.

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Chapter 13: Shitalot—Knights, Dragons, and the Round Table of Fuckery

They crashed into a pile of hay, and for a moment, everyone lay there in confusion, groaning and picking hay out of their hair.

“Smooth landing, Ilija,” Big Bro said, sitting up and dusting off

his tunic. “Next time, maybe don’t slam us into medieval times so *roughly*.”

Ilija, however, was already on his feet, looking around excitedly. “Guys, we’re in Camelot! We made it to King Arthur’s court! This is gonna be epic!”

The family stood up and took in their surroundings—a lush, green field surrounded by stone walls and grand buildings. In the distance, knights on horseback charged each other with lances, the sound of clashing armor filling the air.

“Holy crap, they’re jousting!” Little Bro exclaimed, pointing at the scene in front of them. Two knights on horseback charged each other with lances, narrowly missing each other as they passed. The crowd cheered, and the joust was clearly the main event in Camelot.

Mama looked at the knights, raising an eyebrow. “I don’t know about you guys, but I’m starting to regret all those medieval historical novels. They never mentioned how *loud* it is.”

“Focus, Mama!” Ilija said, pulling out his phone to take a quick selfie with the jousting knights in the background. “We’ve got important things to do. I’m gonna talk to King Arthur and show him what modern-day technology can do. It’s time for a *real* upgrade in Camelot.”

They made their way toward the center of the field where

King Arthur's court was set up. At the head of the court, King Arthur himself sat on a large, ornate throne, flanked by his knights. His regal robes shimmered in the sunlight, and his sword, Excalibur, gleamed next to him.

Ilija approached the king confidently, his family trailing behind him. "Hey, King Arthur! What's up, man?" Ilija waved enthusiastically. "I've got some *awesome* technology you should see. You know, like *cell phones*, *instant communication*, and—oh!—electricity!"

Arthur raised an eyebrow, clearly puzzled. "What... is this technology of which you speak?"

Ilija grinned, pulling out his phone and showing it to the king. "This right here is a phone. You can talk to people from anywhere in the world. You don't need to ride a horse to send a message. And you can watch cat videos!"

King Arthur stared at the phone, completely baffled. "You say this device lets you *speak* with people far away? And *watch cats*?"

Ilija nodded vigorously. "Yes! I mean, not just cats, but anything you want—stories, games, *knowledge*."

"Knowledge?" Arthur repeated slowly. "But we have scholars and scribes for that. What is this sorcery?"

"Well, it's not sorcery, King Arthur," Ilija said, flipping the

phone around and showing him a video of a cat wearing a tiny crown. "It's just... technology. It's magic, but without the spells. Imagine the possibilities!"

King Arthur looked unconvinced, but before he could reply, one of his knights, Sir Lancelot, approached with a smug grin on his face. "What's this nonsense, Arthur? You believe this boy's claims?"

Ilija shot Lancelot a challenging look. "Hell yeah, I do. Modern tech is way better than your horses and armor. You could have laser swords instead of lame old steel ones."

"Laser swords?" Lancelot asked, raising an eyebrow. "You speak of such wild things that I don't even understand. We live in a world of *honor* and *steel*, young man."

Ilija didn't back down. "Okay, Lancelot, here's the deal. I'll let you try out some of my tech. Want a phone call or maybe some Wi-Fi? You'll see what real power looks like."

The knights gathered around, murmuring in confusion, and Ilija continued to show off his phone and explain various aspects of modern technology. But as he did so, a loud, bone-rattling roar echoed across the field.

Suddenly, a massive dragon appeared in the distance, flying high above Camelot with fiery breath scorching the skies.

"Shit, that's a real fuckin' dragon!" Big Bro screamed. "I didn't

sign up for this!”

Everyone turned to see the massive beast circling above them. The dragon had gleaming green scales and eyes that glowed like fiery coals. It swooped down, its wings beating the air with thunderous force.

“By the gods!” Arthur cried, rising to his feet. “It’s the dragon of the West! It’s been terrorizing our kingdom for months!”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got this!” Ilija shouted, fumbling for his phone. “It’s *time* for modern technology to save the day!”

He quickly opened a video on his phone, hoping to distract the dragon with something shiny and captivating. It was a video of a dancing cat wearing a crown—*clearly the best weapon against any mythical beast*.

To Ilija’s surprise, the dragon hovered mid-air, suddenly entranced by the sight of the cat dancing on the screen. It cocked its head, its fiery breath now turned into a mere puff of smoke as it watched the video.

“I can’t believe it...” King Arthur muttered in awe. “The creature is... hypnotized.”

“It’s the magic of the internet,” Ilija said proudly, scrolling through the video. “You just need to find the right video. Cats are universally compelling. Now, we just need to get out of here before it decides to breathe fire again.”

Sir Lancelot, standing next to the dragon, seemed utterly baffled by this turn of events. “You’ve... *tamed* the dragon with a *video* of a dancing cat?”

“Yeah, basically,” Ilija replied, “but that doesn’t mean I’m sticking around to test the limits of its patience.”

With a snap of his fingers, Ilija activated the time machine. The family gathered around, and in the chaos of the distracted dragon, they jumped into the machine, which quickly whisked them away before the dragon could return to its fiery rampage.

Chapter 14: Back to the Future... Again

As the time machine whirred back to life and the familiar hum filled the air, Ilija leaned back in his seat, exhaling in relief. “Well, that was a *hell* of an adventure. I mean, who thought a cat video would save us from a dragon?”

Little Bro was still giggling. “I think that dragon was the only one impressed by your phone, Ilija.”

“Yeah, well,” Ilija said, looking around at his family, “the next stop is Medieval Japan! And trust me, they’re gonna love what we’ve got next.”

Chapter 15: Medieval Japan—Samurai and Sushi

The air smelled of wet earth, cherry blossoms, and the faint scent of rice being steamed in nearby houses. The distant sound of a bamboo flute drifted through the air, calming the mind. Ilija smiled, looking around.

“Welcome to *Medieval Japan*, everyone! And yes, this time, no dragons! Just some samurai and sushi,” Ilija said, grinning. “We’re gonna learn the way of the sword, and I’m definitely going to teach you all how to make sushi. It’s gonna be epic.”

The family, still adjusting to the change in scenery, gazed around in awe. The environment was a beautiful blend of nature and tradition: pagodas dotted the landscape, surrounded by rolling hills and the faint scent of rice fields in the distance. Villages with quaint thatched-roof homes sat near peaceful streams, and in the distance, the silhouette of a mighty castle loomed.

“You’ve outdone yourself this time, Ilija,” Auntie Sladja said, admiring the peaceful surroundings. “It’s... so calm. It’s hard to believe this is the land of the samurai.”

Ilija winked. “Just wait. It gets more badass soon.”

After a few minutes of soaking in the peacefulness of the village, they were greeted by a group of samurai, who wore traditional armor and wielded katanas with grace. They had sharp eyes, and their movements were fluid, like water. The head samurai, an elderly man with a long, white beard,

bowed to them respectfully.

“Welcome, travelers. I am Yamamoto-sensei,” he said, his voice deep and calm. “You are fortunate to witness the ways of the samurai.”

Ilija’s eyes lit up. “Fuck yeah! This is exactly what we need! Okay, guys, let’s learn some sword fighting!”

Big Bro was already stepping forward. “I’m *definitely* up for this. I’ve seen enough samurai movies to know how it works. I’ll be slicing and dicing in no time.”

Yamamoto-sensei gave a slight nod and gestured for Big Bro to follow him. He handed him a wooden practice sword and guided him to a training area, where the other samurai demonstrated basic stances and moves. With every swing of the wooden blade, Big Bro grew more confident.

“Remember,” Yamamoto-sensei said, “a samurai’s strength comes not only from his skill with the sword but from his mind. You must find balance, harmony, and control.”

Big Bro, who was now totally engrossed in the training, nodded seriously. “Balance. Got it, master.”

Meanwhile, Ilija and Little Bro had wandered over to a small kitchen in the village, where an older woman was expertly crafting sushi. Her hands moved with such precision that it seemed as though she was performing an ancient ritual,

shaping the rice with perfect ease and wrapping it in seaweed with grace.

“This is where the magic happens, folks,” Ilija said, gesturing for his family to come over. “Sushi. The ultimate food art.”

“Are you sure I won’t mess it up?” Mama asked, eyeing the rice nervously.

Ilija chuckled. “You’re not going to mess it up, Mama. Just follow my lead. First, grab some rice. Don’t squeeze it, just gently form it. And don’t be shy with the fish. You can’t make sushi with weak fish, you gotta be bold!”

Little Bro, always eager to try new things, grabbed a piece of raw tuna and eagerly placed it on top of a ball of rice, then wrapped it with a strip of seaweed. “I did it! This is actually kinda fun,” he said, showing off his work.

“Not bad, Little Bro,” Ilija said, giving him a thumbs-up. “But wait ‘til you taste it.”

The group enjoyed their sushi, laughing and joking as they sampled their creations, occasionally stealing pieces from each other’s plates. Everything was delicious—fresh fish, vinegared rice, and a tiny bit of wasabi for an extra kick. They ate happily, the simplicity and purity of the meal settling their spirits.

“I could get used to this,” Big Bro said, wiping his mouth. “But

I think I've reached my limit of peace and zen for today."

Ilija raised an eyebrow. "Oh, really? You don't want to continue your sword training?"

Big Bro grinned. "No, I'm good with that, but I heard something that might interest me more."

Just then, a strange sound filled the air—horse hooves pounding against the earth. The villagers began to murmur in fear as a group of rogue samurai appeared on horseback, their faces obscured by dark hoods. They were dressed in black, their swords drawn and their eyes gleaming with malice.

"We've come for the village's resources," the leader of the rogue samurai shouted, his voice cold and menacing. "Hand over your food and your wealth, or we will take it by force."

The villagers backed away in fear, and Ilija's family instinctively formed a protective circle around them.

"Oh, fuck no," Ilija muttered, looking at the rogue samurai. "We didn't travel across time for a bunch of wannabe thugs to mess with us."

Big Bro stepped forward, his sword in hand. "I've trained. I'm ready. Let's do this."

The head rogue samurai, seeing Big Bro step forward,

sneered. “You think you can take us on, boy? You’re nothing but a fool with a sword.”

Ilija, rolling his eyes, muttered under his breath, “What is it with my family and always fighting some random bad guys?”

Before Big Bro could engage in a fight, Yamamoto-sensei appeared behind them, blocking the rogue samurai’s path. “You come to steal from our village, dishonoring the ways of the samurai?” he asked, his voice calm but filled with authority. “You will regret it.”

The rogue samurai drew their swords, ready to fight. The battle was on.

Big Bro, his sword raised, charged toward one of the rogues. His movements were fluid and sharp, the training having paid off. He parried a blow, his sword clashing against the rogue’s with a resounding clang. Yamamoto-sensei swiftly dispatched another rogue with a series of graceful, yet deadly strikes.

Ilija, not one to sit on the sidelines, pulled out his phone and recorded the whole thing. “This is some next-level shit. I’m gonna upload this to the internet and call it *The Samurai Showdown of 2024.*”

Little Bro, who had been watching the fight with wide eyes, suddenly noticed one of the rogue samurai sneaking up behind Yamamoto-sensei. Without hesitation, Little Bro

grabbed a nearby bamboo staff and swung it at the rogue, knocking the sword from his hand.

“Gotcha, you bastard!” Little Bro shouted, grinning.

The rogue samurai growled in frustration but was soon overwhelmed by the combined efforts of Big Bro, Yamamoto-sensei, and the rest of the family (including their lord, Ilija Bulcid). Within moments, the rogue band was defeated, their swords confiscated and their plans thwarted.

After the battle ended, Yamamoto-sensei bowed to Ilija’s family. “Your courage has saved us today. You have fought like true samurai.”

Ilija grinned. “What can I say? We’re pretty fuckin' badass.”

With the village safe once more, the family spent the rest of the day in peace. They trained, ate more sushi, and even participated in a quiet tea ceremony. The tranquility of the village, after the chaos of the rogue samurai, felt like a welcome balance.

As the sun began to set, the family gathered around, ready for their next adventure.

“Okay, we’ve trained with the samurai, fought some rogue motherfuckers, and made sushi,” Ilija said with a satisfied grin. “What’s next? The Wild West?”

“Let’s go,” Big Bro said, cracking his knuckles. “I’m ready to cowboy up.”

Cowboy up, it's the most exciting part of the fuckventure.

Chapter 16: The Wild West—Cowboys, Shootouts, and Saloon Fights

The sky stretched wide and clear, and the land seemed to go on forever. Dust kicked up around their feet as they stepped out onto the dirt road, squinting against the sun. Ilija looked around, taking in the sight of a rickety little town that seemed straight out of a movie—wooden buildings with sagging porches, dusty streets, and the distant sound of a train’s whistle.

"Welcome to the Wild West, folks," Ilija said, grinning widely. "I’m talkin' cowboys, cattle drives, saloons, and... you know... bad dicks who shoot first and ask questions later."

Little Bro’s eyes went wide as he looked at the wild landscape. “Is this like one of those westerns we see on TV?”

“Exactly, but way cooler,” Ilija replied. “And no, I’m not gonna teach you how to rob a train, so don’t even ask.”

The family took in their surroundings—Mama adjusted her sun hat, Auntie Sladja squinted in the heat, and Dada tried to shade himself with his hand. Big Bro, looking especially

eager, put his hands on his hips, striking a cowboy pose.

"I've been practicing my cowboy stance for years. Ready to ride, partner," he said, trying to sound serious, though his voice cracked halfway through.

"You look like an idiot," Ilija said, rolling his eyes. "But that's okay, because this is the Wild West. And out here, we all act a little stupid."

At that moment, a lone figure appeared on horseback, riding slowly down the street. A man dressed in worn leather chaps, a wide-brimmed hat, and a weathered duster coat tipped his hat at them. His eyes narrowed as he looked Ilija's family up and down.

"You ain't from around here, are ya?" the cowboy drawled.

Ilija grinned and stepped forward. "Nah, we're just passing through. You know, time travelers and all that. But if you want, we could stick around and show you how we do things in the future. You know, like... Wi-Fi and refrigerators and stuff."

The cowboy's brow furrowed. "Wi-fi? What's that?"

Ilija shrugged. "Never mind. But hey, we could use some info on the local saloon. I'm thirsty."

"Saloon's down the street," the cowboy said, jerking his

thumb toward the end of the dusty road. "But I warn ya, don't go gettin' on anyone's bad side in this town. People here ain't too friendly with strangers."

Ilija nodded, but before you said "shit", the cowboy spurred his horse and rode off, disappearing into the haze of dust. The family watched him go before Ilija led the group down the street toward the saloon.

The Wild West town felt like it was frozen in time—grizzled cowboys chatting around campfires, horses hitched to posts, and the smell of sweat and gunpowder in the air. When they reached the saloon, the heavy wooden doors creaked open, and a blast of cool air from inside hit them. They walked in, and the place immediately grew quiet. A piano in the corner was playing a somber tune, and several pairs of eyes turned to stare.

"Well, well, well," Ilija said, "Looks like we're the new show in town."

The bartender, a burly man with a thick mustache and a scowl to match, wiped down a mug. "What can I get ya, strangers?"

Ilija leaned over the bar. "You got any sarsaparilla? Or maybe something that doesn't make you wanna puke your guts out?"

"Got sarsaparilla," the bartender grunted. "Ain't a lot else you'll want around here."

"Perfect," Ilija said, taking a seat. "We'll take ten. And also, tell us what's going down in this here town. We're lookin' for a little adventure."

The bartender hesitated for a moment before leaning in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Well, there's talk about a gang of outlaws who've been terrorizin' this town. Robbin' trains, lootin' banks... you name it. Ain't nobody been able to stop 'em. They call themselves The Ghost Riders."

"Sounds like a *terrible* band name," Ilija remarked, glancing at his family. "But hey, sounds like exactly the kind of thing we can fix, right?"

Big Bro grinned and cracked his knuckles. "I'm in. Let's round up this gang."

Ilija motioned for his family to follow him as they left the saloon, gearing up for what they expected to be a typical Wild West showdown. They stepped back outside, where the sun was starting to dip low, casting long shadows across the street.

"Alright," Ilija said, his tone suddenly serious. "We need to find the Ghost Riders and stop them before they mess up any more trains or banks."

Little Bro, excited by the idea of a real adventure, immediately grabbed a nearby wooden stick and pretended it was a gun. "I'm ready to take on the bad guys!"

Before they could get too far, the ground began to rumble. A loud whistle echoed in the distance—followed by the unmistakable sound of a train speeding toward the town.

"They're here!" Ilija shouted. "Let's go, team!"

With no time to waste, the family sprinted toward the tracks, hoping to catch the outlaws in the act. They reached the train station just as the locomotive came barreling into the station, its wheels screeching against the tracks.

Standing on the edge of the station was a group of masked figures on horseback—The Ghost Riders, in all their glory. Their leader, a tall, thin man with a scar running down his face, raised a hand and signaled to his gang.

"Alright, boys," the leader called out. "Let's get us some train loot!"

Ilija didn't hesitate. He pulled a lasso from his belt and swung it expertly. The rope whizzed through the air and wrapped around the leader's horse's legs, pulling the animal to the ground with a loud *thud*.

"Well, well," Ilija said with a grin. "Looks like your ride's been grounded, buddy."

The Ghost Riders dismounted, drawing their guns. The ensuing standoff was tense, the sound of guns being cocked

ringing through the air. But Big Bro stepped forward, his hand on the hilt of his makeshift sword.

"You're gonna have to go through me to get to the train," he declared.

The leader of the Ghost Riders laughed. "You think you can take us on, kid?"

Ilija pulled an actual gun from his pocket—one he had somehow managed to bring along from the future—and fired it into the air. "We don't have to take you on," he said coolly. "We're just here to make sure this train gets to its destination. You, on the other hand, are gonna be going back to the county jail in style."

Just as things were about to escalate, Auntie Sladja, who had been silently watching from the sidelines, took a deep breath and let out a loud whistle. She had a strange look in her eyes. "Enough with the bullshit," she shouted, then immediately lunged toward the nearest outlaw, knocking him out with a well-placed kick.

Within minutes, the family—along with a few well-timed punches and kicks and gunshots—took down the entire gang of outlaws. The Ghost Riders were quickly rounded up, with Big Bro tying them to nearby posts, while the sheriff and his deputies arrived to take them away.

"Well, that was fun," Ilija said, dusting his hands off. "Another

problem solved, thanks to *us*."

"Next time, maybe we should rob the train ourselves," Big Bro joked, holding up the loot they had recovered from the outlaws.

Ilija smirked. "Nah, I'll leave that to the real badasses."

As the family made their way back into town, a warm breeze blowing through the streets, Ilija couldn't help but feel a sense of pride. They'd saved the day once again. And with that, they walked back toward the time machine, ready for the next big adventure.

"Alright, team. The Wild West is behind us. Now, who's ready to go home?" Ilija asked with a grin.

"US!" Everyone said in unison.

They moved toward the machine, only to be suddenly interrupted by a familiar, twisted voice.

"Well, well, well," a voice echoed through the air, sounding both amused and sinister. It was the voice that Ilija had long feared—the voice of his archnemesis, Fucky Sexsus. The entire family froze, their eyes darting around.

"Fucky..." Ilija muttered under his breath, his fists clenching. The air around them seemed to grow thicker, as if reality itself was starting to warp.

Big Bro, ever the enthusiastic one, turned around, clearly unfazed. "Hey, Fucky! What's up, man? Got any more evil plans for us?"

Ilija looked at his brother, but before he could say anything, Fucky's laughter rang out like a twisted echo in the air. "You really think you can escape me that easily, Big Bro?" Fucky's voice was dripping with malice. "You've been a thorn in my side for too long. And now, I'm gonna deal with you—once and for all."

Before anyone could react, Fucky snapped his fingers. The ground beneath their feet trembled violently, and before anyone knew what was happening, Big Bro was grabbed by some unseen force. His body jerked, then shot forward as if he'd been yanked by an invisible string. The rest of the family turned in horror as they watched their brother being pulled toward a swirling, chaotic vortex that seemed to appear from thin air. The vortex was an unholy mess of colors, twisted shapes, and an overwhelming sense of wrongness.

"No! Big Bro!" Ilija shouted, trying to grab him, but the force was too strong. Big Bro screamed in surprise, his arms flailing as he was pulled into the vortex.

"Where are you taking him?!" Ilija yelled at Fucky, but the villain merely grinned, his eyes glowing with twisted satisfaction.

"To my Abomination Land," Fucky said, his grin widening. "A

place where time and space mean nothing, and the laws of nature are bent to my will. There, he'll be lost forever—just another pawn in my collection of chaos."

Big Bro's body disappeared into the swirling vortex, his screams cut off as the land of pure distortion swallowed him whole. The ground returned to its still, dusty form, and the family stood frozen, staring at the empty spot where he'd been.

"No! What the hell, Fucky?!" Ilija shouted, fists clenched in fury. "Bring him back! NOW!"

Fucky's voice echoed, his tone dark and mocking. "There's no 'now,' Ilija. There's only 'forever.' He's mine now. I'm sending him to a place where nothing makes sense, and everything is an abomination of time itself. His mind won't last long in Abomination Land... and neither will yours if you try to follow."

Ilija's body shook with rage, his fists trembling as he struggled to hold back his anger. His whole life, he'd been dealing with this insane villain. He could deal with Fucky's chaos, his weirdness, and his cruelty. But taking Big Bro—this was too far.

"We're coming for you, Fucky!" Ilija shouted, narrowing his eyes. "This isn't over! I'll come to get him, and I'll drag you back to hell with us!"

But Fucky, still grinning like the twisted freak he was, just let out a sinister laugh. "Good luck, Ilija. But Big Bro is already lost. He's in my domain now, and there's no escaping."

With that, Fucky's figure began to blur and distort, his body twisting as if the very fabric of his being was being ripped apart. In a moment, he was gone, leaving only a trail of chaotic energy and a sense of dread hanging in the air. The family stood in stunned silence, unsure of what to do next.

"We're not going to let him get away with this," Ilija said, his voice low but filled with determination. "We're getting Big Bro back, no matter what it takes."

And with that, the family stood together, looking into the distorted rift that Fucky had created. Big Bro was lost to them, sent into the very heart of Abomination Land, where the laws of time, space, and reality had no meaning.

Ilija, filled with a fire he hadn't felt before, clenched his fists. This wouldn't be the end of Fucky Sexsus—not by a long shot. The adventure was far from over. Ilija jumped into the Vortex, along with his family

Chapter 17: The Futuristic Abomination Land—Total Madness

Finally, they landed in the abomination of Fucky's—a place so warped and chaotic that even Ilija couldn't figure out what was going on. The machines were alive, the air smelled like burnt plastic, and the people all had strange glowing tattoos.

It was the *worst* of all possible lands.

But Ilija and his family weren't about to go down without a fight. They took on flying cars, talking robots, and other shit. Then they got to Fucky's destination. They were too late. Big Bro's mind has been possessed by Fucky. Ilija battled Big Bro. His mind turned back to normal, and he was left with a bruise from Ilija's gun bullets. Then they took on Fucky. Fucky said "I'm Defeated. Not for long, bi-" But before he could finish, Ilija made a portal back to the Present, then placed a grenade in front of Fucky that talks and moves. Plus, the Portal disappears before Fucky even touches it. Ilija places the grenade and says his last words before going back to the present: "See you in Satan's Lair, motherfucker." He then jumps into the Portal, and Fucky melts into nothing.

Epilogue: Back to the Present—Sort of

After all this hell, Ilija and his family finally returned home, battered but somehow more united than ever. The time machine still sat in the basement, though it now looked a bit more *worn out*.

"We've been everywhere," Ilija sighed, taking a deep breath. "And I mean everywhere. But... let's not ever talk about the future again."

"Deal," Big Bro said, holding up his hands in surrender. "Let's just go get some pizza."

And with that, the Bulcid family returned to their normal lives —well, as normal as they could get after time traveling. Ilija said: "Can we go for a round 2?" "NO!" everyone screamed in unison. "Uh, fuck." Ilija said. Then he drifted off to sleep.

The End... Or Is It? (Fucky survived the grenade, by complete fucking luck.)